

Flip a Switch by Luddleston

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Characters: Anders (Dragon Age), Hawke (Dragon Age), Justice (Dragon Age)

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Summary:

Anders and Justice play a game with Hawke, who is blindfolded and made to guess which of them is touching him, kissing him, or fucking him at any given time.

Hawke is very good at games.

Flip a Switch

Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).

everyone say thank you to Icky for making me ship this!

This is set nebulously sometime in the future when they have a chance for all three of them to be together but honestly my brain had no thoughts only fuckin with Hawke

No specific gendered language used to refer to hawke's bits!

With a blindfold wrapped around his head and pulled tight in a knot, Hawke couldn't catch any telltale flash of blue light that might tell him who was making love to him at any given moment.

Of course, there was no difference in smell, in taste, in the shape of the hands that wandered his body or the heat the breath against his skin. But after every action, there was a slight pause, as his lover waited on him to guess.

Diabolical, those two. He bet they'd been plotting this all day. No wonder Anders had been suspiciously silent while they slogged around the Wounded Coast. He didn't even complain once about Isabela's lack of vocal support for the mage uprising.

A hot tongue traced up from his clavicle and teeth nipped the thin skin just over his throat. It was a little too subtle, and spoke of years of experience. He paused after, not giving Hawke affection until he made his guess.

"Anders?"

"Correct." Anders' voice was buoyant with a smile. He kissed Hawke's lips briefly and then stopped touching him altogether, leaving him blind and naked on his bed, waiting for the next touch.

It was Anders' mouth again, but that didn't mean it was Anders in charge. This time, licking between his parted legs for the barest second before pressing in, no build-up, all pleasure. Easy. "Justice, I know that's you," Hawke said, his voice far from steady, clasping the back of his lover's head to hold him in place for the briefest second before letting go to receive his answer.

"Yes," Justice said, though the depth of his voice would have given away whether or not he gave an affirmative. He slipped further up and kissed Hawke, tongue to his, letting him taste himself.

"Anders," Hawke guessed, because dirty and sensual to that extreme was usually Anders' bit.

"Still me," said Justice. "Anders might have given me the idea, though."

"Damn. What do I get when I'm wrong?"

Justice responded with a sharp slap to his outer thigh. "You get punished."

"*Fuck!*"

"Justice," Anders said, back in charge now apparently. "You can't just do that without warning. Garrett, are you alright with that?"

"I am not," Hawke grumbled. "You really have to hit me *harder*. I know all that staff-twirling's given you two *some* muscle."

"Cheeky," Anders said, pinching his hip. "Back to it, you're still guessing."

"Still Anders," he said before he'd even been prompted to guess, because Anders had gone for the gold ring pierced through his nipple. Justice was not so taken with that particular adornment.

"I knew you'd guess that," Anders said. "Tossing you an easy one, there."

They'd lured him into a false sense of security, because he guessed that the two fingers pressing into him were Justice, but it was, in fact, Anders again. He got an actually decent smack for that one.

A clearing of their throat prompted Hawke to guess again, although he'd not realized that the nuzzling at his beard and stroking him inside was a different action than just the fingers. "Justice?" Truly he was banking on the fifty-fifty chance of being correct.

"Yes, love," Justice said. Luck was with him tonight, apparently.

The next three, he got right. That forceful, all-consuming kiss was Justice; the hum of electricity through the muscles of his abdomen was Anders, and the mouth along the semicircular scars lining his pectorals was Anders again.

Then he promptly forgot all about the game, because they finally got *in*, cock splitting him perfectly, and he put his legs around Anders' slim waist (barely avoiding his dangerously pointy hips, Hawke needed to feed him more) and arched into it. He didn't realize he was meant to guess which of them was fucking him until he was prompted by a little tap on his hip, right above where his thigh was stinging thanks to his incorrect answers.

"Anders," he said, though it wasn't the fucking that gave him away, but the tap. "*Anders.*"

"*Garrett.*"

It was Anders' voice, so he was right. The rhythm changed, picked up, became efficient down to the angle of every thrust, and Hawke, without being prompted, said, "Justice, *oh—*"

"I told you he could tell," Justice said, clearly addressing Anders, not Hawke. "I win."

"What? I think *I'm* winning, you two—oh— *fuck!* Anders, I know that's you again with the lightning."

"We made a wager," Anders said.

Hawke lifted forward, as if he could eye them even blindfolded. "What? What wager?"

Fingers dug into his chest and made an admirable attempt at scoring lines down his pectoral even with Anders' blunt nails.

"Justice," Hawke called. "What did you wager?"

A dark chuckle told him he was correct. "Tell him what you bet me, Anders, when you said you thought he'd not be able to distinguish us."

"First off, I said he'd get it wrong three or more times," Anders said, transitioning so smoothly it was like the two of them were just conversing. With every swap, the rhythm of his cock inside Hawke was disrupted, keeping him constantly on his toes and constantly hurtling toward coming around them. "And we bet that—oh, Justice, if you are winning you need to —"

A thrust that almost shoved him up against the headboard told him Justice had taken over again, and Hawke grabbed him by his shoulders, trying to find his face to kiss him and probably making an absolute fool of himself. Justice was too, too good at making him come with barely a warning.

"Yes—right there—that's it, love—" Hawke could feel the welcome intrusion of Anders' cock inside him with an even more distinct pressure as he came, legs squeezing around Anders' waist to keep him buried inside.

As he fucked Hawke through the aftershocks of it, Justice said, "we bet. On who would be allowed to come inside you."

And then he took his winnings in full.

By the time Hawke had the presence of mind to tug the blindfold off, it was only Anders, no blue glow, just warm brown eyes watching him in the firelight.

"Justice is already asleep, then?" Hawke asked. He knew the spirit didn't really sleep, but he also knew that so much activity wore him out, and he tired after, and was quiet inside of Anders for a while.

"Yeah," Anders said. "Fun little game, wasn't it?"

“You thought I wouldn’t win?” Hawke asked.

“Justice wasn’t putting a fair effort into tricking you,” Anders said, running his fingers over the curves of Hawke’s collarbone. His voice was soft and sleepy, even if he was the one who’d been on the inside during orgasm, it was still *his* body which had been put through its paces.

“Or maybe I’m just really, really good at telling you two apart,” Hawke said. “It *was* fun, though. Next time, I’m going to make you guess if it’s Proper Diplomat Hawke, Sarcastic Bastard Hawke, or Pissed Off Hawke touching you.”

“Those are literally all the same person,” Anders mumbled. “How am I to tell your mood from touch alone?”

“I think you’ll find I have very different modes of being,” Hawke said, gathering Anders up against his chest with one arm and tugging a blanket over them with another.

“I just want Garrett Hawke to touch me,” Anders said.

“Good. Don’t make me worry you’re sweet on Carver.”

Anders made a gross little noise. “Go to sleep, Garrett.”

He sighed, smoothing Anders’ hair out of his face. “Goodnight, loves.”

Author’s Note:

Find me on tumblr @luddlestons, where I haven’t talked about Dragon Age in many a year but have always adored it, or on twitter @luddlestons or my NSFW twitter @luddlessmut.

Aside from whatever fandom I’m into, I’m working on a novel about the Trojan War, and three princes who all have varying terrible taste in gods/demigods to fuck. I talk about that a lot.